S O N G,

TO THE TUNE OF

I.

HERE's a Health to right honeſt JOHN BULL,
When he's gone we ſhan't find ſuch another;
And with Hearts and with Glaſſes brim full,
Here's a Health to OLD ENGLAND, his Mother!
And with Hearts, &c.

II.

She gave him a good Education,
Bade him keep to his *Church* and his *King*,
Be loyal and true to the Nation,
And then go be merry and ſing.
Be loyal, &c.

III.

Now JOHN is a good-humour'd Fellow,
Induſtrious, honeſt and brave;
Not afraid of his *Betters*, when mellow,
Since *Betters* he knows he ſhou'd have.
Not afraid of his, &c.

IV.

For there muſt be fine Lords and fine Ladies,
There muſt be ſome Little,—ſome Great,
Their *Wealth* the Supply of our Trade is,
Our Hands the Support of their State.
Their Wealth, &c.

V.

Some are born for the Court and the City,
And ſome for the Village and Cot;
But Oh! 'twere a dolorous Ditty
If all became Equal in Lot.
But Oh! 'twere, &c.

VI.

If our Ships had no Pilots to ſteer,
What wou'd come of POOR JACK in the Shrouds?
Or our Troops no Commanders to fear,
They'd ſoon be ARM'D ROBBERS in Crowds.
Or our Troops, &c.

VII.

Then the Plough and the Loom muſt ſtand ſtill
[illegible],
Or all *Clod-Hoppers*,—then who wou'd fill
The Parliament, Pulpit, and Hall?
Or all *Clod-Hoppers*, &c.

VIII.

"RIGHTS of MAN" makes a very fine Sound,
EQUAL RICHES—a plauſible Tale;
But whoſe Labour wou'd then Till the Ground?
All wou'd Drink, but who'd brew the beſt Ale?
But whoſe Labour, &c.

IX.

When half naked,—half ſtarv'd, in the Street
We were wandering about, *ſans Culottes*,
Wou'd EQUALITY go fetch us MEAT?
Or LIBERTY Lengthen our Coat?
Wou'd EQUALITY, &c.

X.

That Knaves are for Lev'lling, no Wonder,
'Tis eaſy to gueſs at their Views,—
'Tis they who'd get all by the Plunder,—
'Tis they who have Nothing to loſe.
'Tis they who'd, &c.

XI

Then away! ſuch nonſenſical Stuff,
Full of Treaſon, Confuſion, and Blood,
Ev'ry *Briton* has *Freedom* enough
To be happy—as long as he's good.
Ev'ry Briton, &c.

XII.

To be rul'd by a *merciful* KING,
To be guarded by JURIES and LAWS,
And when the Work's finiſh'd, to SING
This, This is TRUE LIBERTY's *Cauſe.*
And when the Work's, &c.

XIII.

Then halloo, Boys! Halloo, Boys! ever,
For juſt ſuch a Nation are we!
'Tis our Pleaſure,—O may it ceaſe never!
[illegible]